

Poison Idea

"A Wish For Wings That Work"

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Could I end my life with a knife sharpened of problems
Sweet satisfaction of a night sky with horns
A papercut bleeds like a cut vein
Could this sky open up and accept this tortured soul
But my wings have yet to work
Change means nothing
When nothing wants to change
Save your strength for the first disappointment
Break this mirror that changes you
Forever is such an unpleasant word
It begins to eat you
From the inside out
Blood stains on the wall
Beg for sleep
As the noose is tied around your neck

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